

Dear And The Headlights, I'm Bored, You're Amo

I've got this feeling in my blood
that I want more, this ain't enough
a girlfriend, a movie,
a slow dance, and straight teeth
some candle lit forced sentiment
I'm bored to tears you're amorous
so please pass the regret
it tastes good on thick skin

I'm fast approaching death
you aren't helping it
your smile's been losing it's charm
you still think you've got it
is this the best idea that you've ever had?

The living room, the furnace heat
you pull your hair, and gnash, and weep
confess how you've blessed me
while I'm blank just blinking

No pressing lips just pleading speech
the falls to the floor to rest on feet
that float so light at first
but they've clotted up with concrete
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This is how, this is how it starts
And this is how, this is how it stops

I'm still just blinking
and you're still talking
there is no meaning, not now

Fast approaching death
you aren't helping it, you're
a girlfriend, a movie
a slow dance, a thought that just passed
so fast approaching death
we never noticed it
it just came on and came apart on us
the best idea that we never had